POEMS,
CHARACTERS,
AND
LETTERS.

By I. C.

WITH
ADDITIONS
Never before printed.

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TO THE STATE of LOVE.

OR,

The Senſes Feſtival.

I Saw a Viſion yeſternight,
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* ſight:
I wiſht my ſelf a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling ſphear.
It was a She ſo glittering bright:
You'd think her ſoul an *Adamite*.
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'ſame.
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour:
You may break Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbeſſe of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet becauſ, 'tis more renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A Brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Galaxye, and ſtars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſpendour of her face,
Do th' office of a burning glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms.
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a circle too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtrait-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſte?
My amorous foulds about her hurl'd,
With *Drake*, I compaſſe in the world.
I hoop the Firmament, and make,
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the Center take my ſenſe,
When admiration doth commence!
At the extreme circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can phraſe't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which, whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They 're Privy Seals to take up hearts.
Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
Had ſhe not ſtopt the Salley-port.

Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin conſerves of eloquence;
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this Voterſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With ſuch delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a Kiſs o'th'ſecond venter.
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickearing in a kiſſe.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
When bodies twine, and victorie hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering lovers
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Heark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boota ſella* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For comming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the ſpot!

The HECATOMB
To his
MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be spaid,
Charge not the Parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias.
Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
My text defeats your Art, ties natures tongue,
Scorns all its tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,
Illustrated by nothing but her self,
As Spiders travel by their bowels spun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
Into a body. Let me crack a string
In ventring higher; were the note I sing
Above Heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
And with a deep mouth'd *Gammut* sound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth
Nor find an Epithet to shadow't forth.

Metall

Metals may blazon common beauties, She
Make pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer substance is defind,
But by a heap of Negatives combind;
Ask what a spirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
Only I say she's not as others are.
For what perfections we to others grant
It is her sole perfection to want.
All other forms seem in respect to thee
The Almanacks misshap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character.
As the Philosophers to every sence
Mary it's object, yet with some dispence,
And grant them a Polygamie with all,
And these their *common Sensibles* they call;
So it's with her, who stinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smell.
For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of hers contains a double prize,
Venus her apple? can the eyes want nose, (Rose?
When from each cheek buds forth a fragant
Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
Which spares the bodies sheath, & melts the steel.
Thy soul must needs confess, or grant thy sence
Corrupted with the objects excellence.

Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lye
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom since all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt I
Thou man of mouth that canst not name a She
Unless all nature pay a Subsidy,
Whose language is a tax, whose Musk-cat verse
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
Fitter than *Celia's* looks who in a trice
Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
And what Divines hunt with so cold a scent,
Canst in her bosome find it resident.
Now come aloft, come, come, and breath a vein,
And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
Say the Astrologer, who spels the stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Physiognomy.
Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex.
And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex
Physicians: call her the *Square circle*; say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
What e're you undertake not say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more; and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fansie so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko-hedge,
Hyperboles are here but sacrilege.
Then roul up muse, what thou hast ravel'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by Ignorance;
She that commits a Rape on every sense,
Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence.

She

She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head,
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon Sir Thomas Martin, *Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus,*

we the Knights and Gentlemen of the committee, &c.
When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor ſwelling
With ſtories timpany) a beaſt ſo rare (*Greece*
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, *Bartlemew* fair
Can't match him; natures Whimſey, one outvies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*!
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Paniers. (ther,
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike lea-
Like *Vallentine* and *Orſon* bound together,
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all
It ſeems haſt ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.
Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen,

Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck,
Might well have answer'd at the Font for *Smeck*:
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lye?
Metal on Metal is ill Armony.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bullion's* coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscribes two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
It is the setring Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On the memory of Mr. Edward King, *drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious heads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copi'd out in grief's Hydrography:
The Muses are not Mermaids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Hellespont*.

My

My teares will keep no chanel, know no laws
To guide their ſtreams; but (like the waves their
Run with diſturbance, til they ſwallow me (cauſe)
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious vertue find a grave
Within th'impoſtum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The ſea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep (breath?
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder than thy ſelf was thought.
The famous *Stagyrite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy fate and Predeceſſors ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The ſea can parallel in ſhape, and kind:
Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
Neptune hath got an Univerſity. (thee
We'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality (prize
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the Sea-man
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
As to a *Royaller-Exchange* ſhall come.
VVhat can we now expect? water and fire,
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us, which doth us compound;
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd,

We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe,
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning, as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
VVe'l iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies;
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* ſeas,
VVe floting Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

Another to the Memory of Mr. Edward King, *Drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

VVHilſt *Phœbus* ſhines within our Hemi-(ſphere
There are no Stars, or at leaſt none appear
Did not the Sun go hence we ſhould not know
VVhether there were a Night, or ſtars, or no.
Till thou laid'ſt down upon thy VVeſtern Bed,
Not one Poetick ſtar durſt ſhew its Head.
Athenian Owles fear'd to come forth in Verſe,
Untill thy Fall darkned the Univerſe;
Thy Death makes Poets, mine eyes flow for thee,
And every Tear ſpeaks a dumb Elegy,
Now the proud Sea (grown richer than the Land)
Doth ſtrive for place, and claim the upper Hand,
And yet an equal loſſe the Sea ſuſtains,
If it loſe alwaies, but as much as't Gains;
Yet we who had the happineſs to know
Thee what thou waſt, oh were it with us So,
T' enjoy thee ſtill, and uſe thy precious Name,
As a Perfume to ſweeten our own Fame.
The Night (Cloſe Mourner for the ſetting Sun)
Bedews her Cheeks with tears when he is gon,

To th'

To th'other VVorld: ſo we lament and weep
Thy ſad untimely fall; who by the Deep(crownd
Didſt climbe to th' higheſt Heavens; where being
A King, in after times t'will ſcarce be found
Whether (thy life and death being without Taint)
Thou wer't *Edward* the Confeſſor, or Saint.

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chooſe you whether,
Nature 'twiſts you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of Wine
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both ſexes thus ingroſt.
When providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat:
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Mattimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravel thy body, and I'le find
In every limb a double kind.
Who would not think that head apair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?

One

One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than indure ſo much,
I would my tender limbs apparel,
In *Regulus* his nailed barrel:
But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his inviſ'ble bow.
VVhen I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy neither beards deſpair?
VVhen thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound,
A perfect Dialogue is found.
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the ſiſter, that the brother.
VVhen thou joyn'ſt hands, my ear ſtill fancies
The Nuptial ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Uliſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle, that the warlike ſteel.
VVhen muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

Nor

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though all alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes its gender, not thy heart.
Nay, those which modestly can mean,
And dare not speak, are Epicœne;
That gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*,
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coining thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authours

HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* Poems.

PRobleme of Sexes; must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedigree:
Thou twins-in one, in whom Dame Nature tries,
To throw less than Aums ace upon two Dice:
Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Site into a double Father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the Main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice thee in two, to keep her number just:
Plurality of livings is thy state;
And therefore mine must be impropriate.
For since the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did steeple carry double truer,
His is the donative, and mine the cure.

Then

Then say my muse (and without more dispute)
Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once decries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice;
That name hath tipt his horns: see on his knees;
A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay sublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
Thou'st got a leap of such a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
For since the muses left their former nest,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.
But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghosts have naturall sons? say *Obb*, is't meet,
Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
I would disclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
But was he dead? did not his soul translate
Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
Or break up house, as an expensive Lord,
That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp
And still there's hopes 't may prove his bastard
But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
I'th'body joyn'd but parted in the head.

For

For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoe're you are,
You are a nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man unleſs the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt fathers of this Poetry. (mine
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine; (ter,
Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no ſtaugh-
So ſhall it be thy ſon and yet my daughter.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girl,
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridge-Laſſe, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth,
She, ſhe's my Miſtris, her Suters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere ſhe have any.

And firſt for the Pluſh-ſake the *Monmoth-cap* coms,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath, *By Iupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
He ſhall have —God knows what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replies, good Sir, La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhooes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſt on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La bee,
If ever I have a man; *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought Cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a ſiſter,
And making a Chapell of eaſe of her lap,
First he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replyed, your Text(Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (marry;
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry.
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Simony,
And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyers a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
The one Milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leave theſe thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me Livery and ſeiſin of thee;
But peace *Iohn-a-Nokes*, and leave your oration,
For I never will be your impropriation.
I pray you therefore, good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man, *Sqarre-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a Morning before Sun-riſing.

THe ſluggiſh morn, as yet undreſt,
My *Phillis* brake from out her Eaſt;
As if ſhee'd made a match to run
With *Phoſpher*, Uſher to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each ſide with loyal duty,
Wave branches to incloſe her beauty;
The plants, whoſe luxury was lopt,
Or Age with crutches under-propt,
Whoſe woodden karkaſſes are grown
To be but Coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his antient ſoul.
The winged Choriſters began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan
Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid,
Untill their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it Vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roſes mix: no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace

Her

Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop;
Mistakes her kne, and doth display:
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
These miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizled locks,
To see what Saints his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and shade,
Like latrice windows, give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full Orb his sight should dim,
And bids us all good-night in him,
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion' d day.
But what religious Palsie's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their blisse?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night:
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon

Upon a MISER that made *a great feast, and the next day died for grief.*

NOr ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My Liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cud;
And what delight ſhe took i'th' invitation,
Strives to taſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
Not for devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the train'd-band of diſhes uſher'd there,
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony,
This feaſt is but a Muſter not a fight,
Our weapons not for ſervice, but for ſight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when they ſup
On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
Whatever feaſts be made are ſumm'd up here,
His table vyes not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſtnings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th' Originall.
Chriſtmas is no feaſt moveable: for lo
The ſelf-ſame dinner wat ten years ago;
'Twill be immortall, if it longer ſtay,
The Gods will eat it for Ambroſia.
But ſtay a while, unleſſe my whinyard fail
Or is inchanted, I'le cut off th' intail.
Saint George for England then, have at thy mutton,
When the firſt cut calls me blood-thirſty glutton.

What

What *Ajax* with his anger-quodl'd brain
Killing a ſheep, thought *Agamemnon* ſlain;
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roſt
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt:
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſ-leg, and the poor ſoul for moan
Turns Creple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard th'abominable ſport
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The Souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The Cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *will*
Whips off great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old Womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe karkaſſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we ſlaſh it in a thouſand ſhapes:
Our Serving-men like Spaniels range, to ſpring,
The fowl which he hath clockt under his wing.
Should he on *widgeon* and on *woodcock* feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.
To Pork he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sawces we ſhould have none, had he his wiſh,
The Oranges, ith' margent of the diſh,
He Huckſter-like ſo tells them o're and o're,
Th' *Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now, into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do, he falls to prayer,
As thou didſt once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'ſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this grief:
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boys, let trumpets ſound, and ſtrike up drums.

See

See how his blood doth wirh the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend
Strange Deer, which in the Paſty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his gueſt
(As he had ſtoln't alive) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs ere chac'd their Maſter,
A double prey at once we ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of veniſon.
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his meat.

A Young man to an old Woman *courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, ſucceaſe thy ſute;
Ther's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilſt there be
Whole Orchards in virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee thy Bridegroom fears,
Would be thought int'reſt in his years.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſum.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?

Time

Time ſure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
And ſtript, returns unto his Prime:
If my affection thou would'ſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack.
I count that primitive imbrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face.
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornications claſſicall.
Our ſports will differ: thou may'ſt play,
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no Tranſlator; have no vein
To turn a woman young again;
Unleſſe you'l grant the Tailor's due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear cloaths that are ſluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Monſter-Shirreves,
With canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt thy skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penni-worth of Mountebank:
Or chew thy cood on ſome delight
Thou tookeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken, and attend my vows.

when

When Ætna's fires shall undergo
The penance of the Alps in snow,
When Sol at one blast of his horn
Posts from the Crab to Capricorn,
When th' heavens shuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all these contradictions meet,
Then (Sybill) thou and I will greet.
For all these similies do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be so good
A Pimp as to inflame thy blood,
Hymen shall twist thee, and thy page
The distinct Tropicks of mans age.
Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
I'le not the Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be 'stead of a lover,
And aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt *him why he was so Dumb.*

SAy, should I answer (Lady) then
In vain would be you question.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
Can satisfie this strange demand.
Yet since your will throws me upon
This wished contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

As

Ask but the chap-faln Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th'only way to catch their cold.
How ſhould loves zelot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint.
Yet counteth that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallowed excellence;
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak that twice am checkt
By this and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpy
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leſt they cancell all the bliſs,
You ſign'd with ſo Divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voyce doth riſe
With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets bail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence.
Oh liſten with attentive ſight,
To what my pratling eyes indite.
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key let ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before.

Kiſſe once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muſe will write with Handmaids duty,
The golden legend of your beauty.
He, whom his dumbneſs now confines,
But means to ſpeak the reſt by ſigns.

A Fair Nymph ſcorning a black Boy *courting Her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
VVhy ſhould the ſmoak purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoak, thence may be gueſt
VVhat flames within have ſcorch't my breaſt.
Nymph. The Flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of my hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves Taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
What ever mid-night hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your face can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eccliplſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhouldſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for ſome new faſhion'd mask.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my mask off when I kiſſe.
Boy. Our curl'd embraces ſhall delight
To checquer limbs with black and white,
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe.
Our nuptial bed will prove a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any come,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
Let the dark shop commend the ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le strive to wash it off with tears.
Nymp. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash thy Ethiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two *Zealots* *upon the &c. in the Oath*,

Sir *Roger* from a zealous peice of freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
Whose yearly Audit may by strict account,
To twenty Nobles and his Vails amount,
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
Walks but in *Quirpo*: this same Clergy Elfe,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath:
The quarrell was a strange mishapen Monster.
&c. (God blesse us) which they conster,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons tail ty'd on a knot, a nest
Of young *Apochryphaes*, the fashion
Of a new mentall Reservation.
While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I fasted twice,

And

And so by Revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th letter.
With that he swelld, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I say to thee, *&c.* thou li'st,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:
Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say
Tongues were confounded *in &c.*
Who swears *&c.* swears more oaths at once
Then *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurst *&c.* thou, for now I scent
What lately the prodigious Oysters meant,
O *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack
This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark vault wherein th'infernall plot
Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
Peruse the Oath: and you shall soon descry it.
By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
'Gainst whom the churchwhereof I am a member,
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
&c. it's so abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,
Inrip *&c.* and you shall find
Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,
Th'Apparator upon his skew-bald horse.
Then (finally my babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to swear:
For 'tis (to speak in a familiar stile)
A Yorkshire wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods diggers,
He'l swear in words at large and not in figures.

Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loath
To leave &c. In this liquid oath,
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine
He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite sworn out th'eleventh quart;
Whilé all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray
They and their Tribe were all, &c.

SMECTYMNUUS, *or the Club-Divines.*

Smectymnuus? the Goblin makes me start:
I'th'Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welsh*? what skilt?
Ap all the Brick-layers that Babel built.
Some Conjurer translate and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But do the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like *Mummers* in *Religion* with disguises?
Out-brave us with a name in Ranck and File.
A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread a
The Saints *Monopoly*, the *zealous* cluster, (*mith*
Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
And shoots his quils at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus *Jack-of-all-trades* hath devoutly shown
The twelve Apostles on a Cherry-stone.
Thus faction's *All-a-mode* in treasons fashion.
Now we have Heresie by complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves

Packt

Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like *Colleagues*, which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a-row;
As hollow-teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian monſter* pregnant with his brother,
Natures *Dyæreſis*, halt one another,
He with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge-fair* is *Smec*'s, for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar*'s multiply'd,
Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyzzard.
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizzard.
The *Whore* of *Babylon* left theſe brats behind,
Heirs of confuſion by *Gavel kind*.
I think *Pythagoras*'s ſoul is rambel'd hither,
With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her general Wardrobe, ſhee'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorow-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſuchoſis*.
Like a *Scotch mark*, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13 pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometime tripartite, joyns in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpel'd,
Into one man are monaſyllabled.
Short-handed zeal in one hath camped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle peny.

See, ſee, how cloſe the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcan'd their feet.
One *Cure*, and five *Incumbents* leap a truſſe,
The Title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at th'Reſurrection.

Who coopt them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn & ſpun out their name
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their ſuperſtition
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five
As far as Nature fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſers, that's the cauſe,
She cleft their hoof into ſo many claws)
May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemony.
Caligula, whoſe pride was mankinds bail,
As who diſdain'd to murder by retail;
Wiſhing the world had but one general neck,
His *glutton-blade* might have found game in *Smec.*
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whoſe lungs pay uſe on uſe to half a ſcore.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both ſuperſcribes his ſhoulder and his hand.
Some Welſhman was his God-father, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.
The banes are askt, would but the times give way
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Gueſts invited by a friendly ſummons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons,
The Prieſt to tye the Foxes tails together,
Moſeley, or *Sanctu Clara* chuſe you whether.
See what an off-ſpring every one expects?
What ſtrange pluralities of men and ſects?
One ſayes he'l get a Veſtery, another
Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:
Faith cry St. *George*, let them go to't, and ſtickle,
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions catterwaul, and ſpight,
Which uſes to divorce, might once unite.

But

But their crosſ fortunes interdict their trade,
The *Bride* is rampant, but the *Groom* diſplaid.
My taſk is done, all my he Goats are milkt;
So many cards i'th ſtock, and yet be bilkt?
I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble;
Whip *Smec* from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down, and take your fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen-mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Aſſembly.

FLea bitten Synod; an Aſſembly brew'd,
Of Clerks and Elders *and*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbytery, where Laymen guide,
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their ſide.
Who askt the *Banes* 'twixt theſe *diſcolour'd mates*?
A ſtrange *Groteſco* this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of diverſe hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had born a dappled ſon,
You checq'ring her imag'nation.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled and ring-ſtreaked lambs
Like *Impropriators Motley* kind,
Whoſe ſcarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.

Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
Friers of both the Orders, *black* and *gray*.
So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thic-
A Layre of *Burgess*, or a Layre of *Vicar*. (ker,
Have they usurp'd what Royal *Iudah* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The *Scepter* and the *Crosier* are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Creeple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit,
Judge of εἰς ἅδου and *Elegerit*.
O that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn!
The Miscellany Satyr and the Fawn,
And all th'adulteries of twisted Nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature.
Whose Members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at the Resurrection.
Strange scarlet Doctors there, they'l pass in story
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or Parboyl'd Lobsters, where their joyntly rules
The fading sables, and the coming gules.
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose,
Like him that wore the Dialogue of cloaks,
This shoulder *Iohn-a-stiles*, that *Iohn-a-Nokes*.
Like *Iews* and *Christians* in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either,
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be.
Sacrilege matcht with codpiece-symony.
Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phansie these Linsie wolsie Vestry men,

For-

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing:
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto, they're gone, and now the Houſe of Lords
Look like the wither'd face of ſome old Hag
But with three teeth, like to a trible gag.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fiddiz, and doxy *Marſhal* firſt advance,
Twiſſe blow the *Scotch*-pipes, and the loving brace
Put on the traces, and tread cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* & *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* make a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girl, it he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about his ſhoulder.
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſs cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.
Here *Wharton* wheeles about, old *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full *moon* hath made his Lordſhips giddy.
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levie,
T'encounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.

Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himself,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Then in all this their Jewish *Sanedrim*:
Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date,
When Mules their Cosin Germans generate.
Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Asse go yoaked in one plow:
Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brooks* preacher, he
Would sort the beasts with more conformity.
Water & earth make but one globe, a *Round head*
Is Clergy-Lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

AND why a tenant to this vile disguise, (eye
Which who but sees, blasphemes thee within?
My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,
And hold it their allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a state-distinction to arraign
Charls of high treason 'gainst my Soveraign,
What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloister and shave him, he himself hath don't.
His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,
His ruines prove him a Religious House;
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majesty defac'd the Royal stamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.

Flay

Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin
Spun of his countries darkneſs, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synods ſable foggy ignorance.
Nor bodily nor ghoſtly *Negro* could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This privy-chamber of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe mourner of thy Royaltie.
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a Martyr'd Abbeys courſer doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:
Or like the College by the changlin g rabble,
Manchester's Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the ſacrilege of thine attire
By which th'art half depos'd, thou lookſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance.
Angell of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charls and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears midnight, day is beetle brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud;
Oh the accurſt Stenography of Fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat,
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his Rayes to this Apoſtaſie?

It is not subtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-wed vizard, such as Ladies wear,
When they are veild, on purpose to be seen,
Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht skreen.
Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, and three pil'd darkness, like the slough
Of an imprisoned flame, 't is *Faux* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *ivarwick-caitle* vote
Rang *Britains Curfew*; so our light went out.
Thy visage is no legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters:
Cloaths where a *Switzer* might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
For that's the ambush of their wit, Godwot.
Nay, all his properties so strange appear,
Y'are not 'ith' presence though the King be there.
A Libel is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hun* and *Cy* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling assassinate, thy lines ateest
An ear-mark due, o b of the blatant beast,
Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse.
Is blasphemy unleag'd, a callow curse.
The *Laplanders* when they would sell a wind
Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
It to thee a barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts poop, and breeds the cholick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious scar,
Nor sink thy skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, & this slandering suit
Both do all alike in picture execute.
But since w'are all call'd Papists, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?

As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
With *Sphynxes*, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling pourtraitours, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon, Sir, since I presume to be
Clark of this closet to your Majesty;
Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress
I see the Gospel coucht in parables.
At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And shews Religion in its dusky types.
Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all arrayd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
You that damn more than ever *Samson* slew,
And with this engine, the same jaw-bone too:
How shall e'scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the *Bibles* livery?
Hence *Cabinet intruders*, *Pick-locks* hence,
You that din Jewels with your *Bistoll*-fence;
And *Characters*, like Witches, so torment,
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent,
Keyes for this coffer you can never get.
None but Saint *Peter* opes this *Cabinet*.
This *Cabinet*, whose aspect would benight
Critick spectators with redundant light,
A Prince most seen, is least: What scriptures call
The *Revelation*, is most mystical.
Mount then thou shadow Royall, and with haste
Advance thy *Morning Star*, *Charles*'s overcast.
May thy stil strange journey contradictions twist,
And force fair weather from a *Scottish* mist.
Heav'ns *Confessors* are pos'd, those star-ey'd *Sages*
T'interpret an Eclipse, thus riding stages.

Thus

Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a throwd.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

THE REBELL SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a *Scottish* crew!
Then *Madam Nature* wears black patches too,
What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a countrey Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be feard
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his countrey sick of *Pyms* disease
By *Scotch* Invasion, to be made a prey
To such *Pig-widging Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyson too.
Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismall note
Disgorgeth Halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'ricks tone)
Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction:

Or

Or roar like *Marshal*, that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation, a pulpit full:
Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize:
Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.
Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch til the *blood com*; they'l not hurt you then.
Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The shapes of beasts, like Hypocrites at stake,
I'le bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise,
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
Fosters no venom, since the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours faign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath wolves again:
The *Scot* that kept the *Tower*, might have shown
(Within the grate of his own breast alone)
The Leopard and the Panthar, and ingrost
What all those wild *Collegiats* had cost:
The honest high-shooes in their termly fees
First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
Nature her self doth *Scotchmen* beasts confess,
Making their countrey such a wilderness:
A land that brings in question and suspense
Gods omnipresence, but that *Charls* came thence:
But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band
Atton'd their sins, and *Christned* half the land:
Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots:
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots*:

As

As in a picture, where the squinting paint
Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
He that saw hell in's Melancholly dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancies theam,
Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proselite,
A land where one may pray with curst intent,
O may they never suffer banishment! (doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have changed his
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they spread, and as infections fly,
As if the Devill had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
This or that place, rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to lisp abroad;
To return knowing in the *Spaniſh* shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
(The *Card* by which the Mariners are steer'd.)
No; the *Scots-Errant*'s sight, and sight to eat;
Their Estrich-stomachs make their swords their meat.
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt,
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
The Serpents fatall still to *Paradise*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemoroids, and these
On the North posture of the patient seize,
Like *Leeches*, thus they physically thurst
After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,
To purchase villanage, as once before,

When

When an act past to stroak them on the head,
Call them good subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
Nor gold, nor act of grace, 'tis steel must tame
The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yeelding, doth like him (or worse)
Who sadled his own back to shame his Horse.
Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
Thus to lard Israel with Egypts spoil?
They are the Gospells Life-guard, but for them,
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*,
What would the brethren do the cause! the cause!
Sack posset and the fundamentall laws!
Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
How a *Scotch* stomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food and raiment; so they took
Religion for their Semstress, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
As well as conscience are sophisticate;
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A *Laird* & *twenty pounds* pronounc'd with noise,
When construd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
You Pists in Gentry and devotion?
You scandall to the stock of Verse, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The *Ostracism*, and sham'd it out of use.
The *Indian* that heaven did forswear,
Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devill, should I pick their bones,

That

That dish is his; for when the Scots deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the cheeks of Fame
Stretch with the breath of learned *Lowdons*
Be flag'd again? & that great peice of ſence, (name
(As rich in Loyaltie as Eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt) be found a trick of ſtate?
Like Chymiſts tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devill ſure ſuch language, did atchieve
To cheat our un-fore-warned-Grandam *Eve*,
As this Impoſture found out, to beſot
Th' experienc'd *Engliſh*, to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull ſence,
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſin,
Was fit for the grand devills hammering?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſupper-treaſon brings
Blaſts more than murders of *your ſixty Kings*,
A crime ſo black, as being advis'dly done,
Thoſe hold with this no competition.
Kings only ſuffered then, in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t' attempt depoſing of your God.

O

Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were shrivil'd to dust; and your cold land
Partcht to a draught beyond the *Lybian* sand!
But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
Be objects of an Epidemick curse.
First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
Your power hath banded, cease to coût you friends,
And prompted by the dictate of their reason, (*son*
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Trea-*
And may their jealousies increase and breed,
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*:
In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
A stigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you resume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
Translated to a general Hospitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,
Live cherisht only by the Northern star,
No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
And such in heightning of infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your lives and liberties may awe.
No Subject, mongst you keep a quiet brest,
But each man strive through bloud to be the best,
Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
By your own sword our just revenge be wrought.

To

To sum up all---let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:
Untill, when *Charls* shall be compos'd in dust,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;
HE sav'd, incensed heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;
Unlesse that *Scot* deny himself, and do
(Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
Or had I the Legislative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.
Had I but *Elsing*'s gift (that splay-mouth'd brother
That declares one way and yet means another)
Could I but right a squint; then (Sir) long-since
You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had observ'd the language of the daies;
Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
With humble service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combustion
I had revil'd you, and with out offence,
The Literall, and *Equitable sense*
Would make it good; when all fails, that will do't.
Sure that distinction cleft the divells foot.

The

This were my Dialect, would your highneſſe
To read me but with Hebrew ſpectacles; (pleaſe
Interpret Counter, what is croſſe rehears'd:
Libells are commendations when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multyply't.
But you'r inchanted, Sir you're doubly free
From the great guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:
Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' artillery of Verſes,
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their art, yet let their ſex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Beſſes*
Supplied the *bowſtrings* with their twiſted treſſes,
Your *ſpels* could ne're have fenc'd you, *ev'ry arrow*
Had lanc'd your *noble breſt* & drunk the marrow;
For beauty like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent hypocrite deſtroys.
Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids, and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex*! is it not a ſhame
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may ſhe be
Ravith'd by *Charles*, rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy female palat,
Than to that aſſe did once the thiſtle ſallat.
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfætation.

Make

Makes fancy (like eternities round womb)
Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of souls,
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age, constellate here.
And as the elder sisters growth and sence
(Souls paramount themselves) in man commence
But faculty of reasons Queen, no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before;
Ingredients of his virtue, thred the beads
Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys* and the Swedes:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vast triumvirate is span'd,
Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shall live, & when't shal bleed
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath:
For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the score,
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea off the plate
That tips their Antlers for the Calf of State;
Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffing devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
Yes, and the gossips spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self wants pay in commuting pelf.
Pardon great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with you
As he whom in his character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright

By

y an Eclipſe ſo glorious, (light is dim
nd a black nothing, when compar'd to him:)
o 'tis illuſtrious to be *Rupert's* foil,
nd a juſt trophee to be made his ſpoil:
le pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* ſleeve
greafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
he conqueſts which the Common-councel hears
Vith their wide liſtning mouth from the great
hat ran away in triumph: ſuch a foe (Peers
an make them victors in their overthrow.
Where providence and valour meet in one,
ourage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
hat he revives the quarrell once again
f the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain;
nd leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervor can
atch him, whom nature poach'd but half a man.
is trumpet, like the angels at the laſt,
akes the ſoul riſe by a mirac'lous blaſt.
Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man
As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land con-
he left ſhould be a channell to the main: (tain
is ſpirit might inform th' amphibious figure,
t ſtraight-lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
he terrour of whoſe name can out of ſeven
Like *Falſtaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
hus ſome grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus,
y being ſlain, are made more numerous.
o wonder they'l confeſs no loſſe of men;
or *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
hey fear the giblets of his train, they fear
ven his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*:
e that devours the ſcraps, which *Lunsford* makes
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:

Who

Who names but *Charls*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainst whom they've severall Articles in soule
First that he barks against the sence o'th' Hou
R solv'd Delinquent, to the tower straight,
Either to th'Lions, or the Bishops Grate;
Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the sisterhood will be his bail.
At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
That lets in all religions of the game.
Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pym's* from his own Lett
Who's doubly paid(fortune, or we the blinder
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder,
Lastly, he is a divell without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore score up one for conjuring(quart
What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quart
I'me but an instrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;
Whose office 'tis a like, to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
That strung the Jesuit, will dispatch a cur.
Were I a devill, as the Rebell fears,
I see the house would try me by my Peers,
There *Fowler*, there! ah *Iowler*! 'st 'tis nought.
What e're th' accusers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
Than when the glorious *Stafford* stood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we see,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
'Twould find S. *Peter* work, yet wound as much

H

He gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons do but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jeve* deſcendkd in a leaden ſhowr
To get this *Perſeus*: hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd
Fear to commit an act of Paricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſs,
Thou art the greater world, and that the leſs.
Scatter th' accumulative King, untruſs,
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*,
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a *Cherubs* flaming Sword,
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers,
And cure the chin-cough better than the Bears.
Old *Sybil* charms the tooth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children, and the pondrous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now Rupert take thee Rogue; how doſt thou doe?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

THE FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER.

OR,

A Horrible Relation of a Dog and an Elder's *Maid.*

The Tune of *The Ladies Fall.*

ALL Christians, and *Lay-Elder's* too,
for shame amend your Lives.
I'le tell you of a Dog trick now,
which much concerns your Wives.
An *Elder's* Maid neer *Temple Bar*
(ah what a Queen was she!)
Did take an ugly Mastiffe Cur
where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers!
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly hath not sate four years,
yet hath brought forth a whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made her self a Bride
to one that had four leggs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
and wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
his Dog would ever marry.
Help House of Commons! &c.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
and hastily did run
To fetch a Staffe to help his Maid,
not knowing what was done;

He took his *Ruling Elder's* Cane,
and cry'd out *Help, help here!*
For *Swash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*
are now fight Dog fight Bear.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

But when he came he was full sorry,
for he perceiv'd their strife,
That according to the *Directory*
they two were Dog and Wife:
Ah (then said he) thou cruell Quean,
why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd *Swash* was grown so lean,
poor Dog hee's almost spoyl'd.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense,
but what's in other Lasses,
And could have quench'd thy cupiscence
according to the *Classes*;
But all the Parish see it plain,
since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an *Independent* Quean,
and lov'st a *Conventickle*.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
will all the World perswade
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog
may be an *Elder's* Maid;
They'l jeer us if abroad we stir,
good Master *Elder* stay,
Sir, of what *Classis* is your Curr?
And then what can we say?
Oh House of Commons! &c.

They'l many graceleſſe Ballads ſing
of a *Presbyterian*,
That a *Lay Elder* is a thing
made up half Dog half Man:
Out, out, (ſaid he, and ſmote her down)
was Mankind grown ſo ſcant?
Ther's ſcarce another Dog in town
had took the *Covenant*,
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

Then *Swaſh* began to look full grim,
and *Iane* did thus Reply,
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
you fed your Dog too high:
Tis true, he took me in the lurch,
and leapt into my arm,
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

Then ſhe was brought to *Newgate* gaol,
and there was naked ſtript,
They whipt her till the Cords did fail,
as Dogs uſe to be whipt.
Poor City Maids ſhed many a tear
when ſhe was laſh'd and bang'd,
And had ſhe been a *Cavalier*,
ſurely ſhe had been hang'd.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

Hers was but *Fornication* found,
for which ſhe felt the laſh,
But his was *Buggary* preſum'd,
therefore they hanged *Swaſh*:

What will become of *Bishops* then,
or *Independancie*?
For now we fiund both Dogs and Men
ſtand for *Presbytery*.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
with *Synod-men* good ſtore,
But ſhe would have a *Lay-Elder*
with two legs and two more.
Go tell th' *Aſſembly* of Divines,
tell *Adoniram* Blew,
Tell *Burgeſſe*, *Marſhall*, *Caſe*, and *Vines*,
tell *Now-and-Anon too*.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

Some ſaid ſhe was a *Scotiſh* Girl,
or elſe (at leaſt) a Witch;
But ſhe was born in *Colcheſter*,
was ever ſuch a Bitch!
Take heed all Chriſtian Virgins now,
The *Dog-ſtar* now prevails;
Ladies beware you Monkeys too,
for Monkeys have long tails.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c.

Bleſſe *King* and *Queen* and ſend us Peace
as we had ſeven years ſince,
For we remember no *Dog-dayes*
while we enjoy'd our Prince:
Bleſſe ſweet Prince *Charls*, 2. *Dukes*, three Girls,
Lord ſave His *Majeſty*,
Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*,
may lead ſuch Lives as *He*.
Oh Houſe of Commons! &c. *FINIS*.

SOME *Christian people all give ear,*
Unto the grief of us,
Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
The which it happned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
By fault of a Carpenters Son,
Who to Saw chips his sharp Ax lent,
woe worth the time may Lon-----

May London *say, Wo worth the Carpenter,*
And all such Block-*head fools,*
Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
which Put out *in such flames;*
That it was known into Southwark,
which lives beyond the Thames.

For Loe *the Bridge was wondrous* high
with water underneath,
O're which as many fishes *fly,*
As birds *therein doth breath.*

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
Not far from place of landing,
And though the building was full big,
It fell down *not with* standing.

And eke into the water fell,
So many Pewter *dishes,*
That a man might have taken up very well,
Both boyld *and* rosted *Fishes.*

And thus the Bridge of London *Town,*
For building that was sumptuous,
was All by fire Half *burnt down,*
For being too contumptious.

And thus you have all, *but* half *my Song,*
Pray list to what comes after;
For now I have cool'd *you with the* Fire,
I'le warm *you with the* water.

I'le tell you what the Rivers name is,
where these children did slide a,
It was fair Londons *swiftest* Thames,
That keeps both time and Tide-a.

All on the tenth of January,
To the wonder of much people,
T'was frozen o're, that well *'twould bear*
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts,
upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.

A great Lord *there was that laid with the King,*
And with the King great wager makes:
But when he saw he could not win,
He fight, and would have drawen stakes.

He

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his Should---
Ers stricken, whose name was Iohn,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon- a London.

Oh! tur-tur-turn from thy sinfull race,
Thus did his speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, a lack, a lack,
The water ran down their throats,
And stopt their breaths three houres by the Clock,
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that children have
And ye that have none yet,
Preserve your children from the grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I would never have been seen,
If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
For fear they should go fro him,
So tye your children with severities clogs,
Unty'um and you'l undo'um,

God

God bless our Noble Parliament,
And rid them from all fears,
God bless all th' Commons *of this Land,*
And God bless some *o'th'* Peers.

Epitaph upon the Earl of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wise and valiant dust,
Hudled up 'twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist,
A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
His Princes nearest Joy and Grief;
He had, yet wanted all relief.
The prop and ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate:
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd,
Riddles lie here, or in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii &c.*

pitaphium:

E*Xurge cinis, tuumq; solus, qui potis es scribe E-*
Nequit Wentworthi *non esse facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quam cœpisti comprehendere,
Macte & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris,
Notatum est literis Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hîc jacet lassus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia*
Rex Politiæ & Porrex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, seipsam* Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicũ; quo sub rubicũ dâ vesperâ occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextróq; oculo flevit,
Lævòq; lætata est Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemq; Scena calamitosa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animosæ Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minùs) Caput
Belluæ sævæ multorum Capitum:
Merces favoris Scotici, *præter pecunias:*
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro: fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Vt priùs legem quàm nata foret violavit:
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,

Verùm

Verùm Neceſſitas, non habet Legem.
Abi Viator, cætera memorabunt Patres.

On the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chimically weeps, that pious vain
Diſtill'd with art, is but the ſweat o'th brain.
Who ever ſobb'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,
Not *Buſhels* Wells can match a poets eyes:
In wanton water-works he'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the ſpheares.
But when he mourns at diſtance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Veſpers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a penſil to expreſs the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?
There is no learning but what tears ſurſound,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drownd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none:

Like

Like an Hydropick body full of Rhumes,
First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
And by a Law dough-back', and Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a comment upon him the text.
There's nothing lives: life is, since he is gone,
But a nocturnal lucubration.
Thus you have seen deaths Inventory read
In the sum total—— *Canterbury*'s dead,
A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himself a convert in his bleeding eys,
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours
(That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow brackish from their souls within
Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
Mean time no squallid grief his looks defiles,
He gilds his sadder fate with noble smiles,
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
Shines in his showres, as if he wept his beams.
How could success such villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to dye,
For treasons they should act, by prophecie.
The facts were done before the laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
Be dull great spirits and forbear to climb,
For Worth is sin, and Eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis *height* makes *Grantham steeple* stand awry.

On

On I. W. A. B.

SAy my young Sophister, what think'st of th
Chimera's real; *Ergo-falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet,
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This monster will produce, transcends his charms.
'Tis natures master-piece of error, this,
Redeemeth what she ever did amisse
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
Legirimateth all her by-blows past.
Lo here a general Metropolitan,
And Arch-prelatick Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garbs, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace; (ther,
A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd bro-
One leg the Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;
Nor the *welsh-wethercock*, for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
These speak him not, but if you'l name him right
Call him *Religions Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th' sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast,
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet has got a reverend Elders place.

Such

be his, who did devise
h, to sacrafice,
ere you might have seen
holocausted to his spleen.
y Church! the Viper that did share
greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
A void of all thy dignities and store.
Alas! thine own son proves the forrest Boar;
And like the dam destroying Cuckow he,
When the thick shell of his Welsh Pedigree,
By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide
And open, straight thence sprung forth paricide:
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht
In thee, by th' *monster* which thy self had hatcht
Despair not though, in *wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote, (head
'Gainst the *foul'st venom* he can spit, though's
Were chang'd from subtil gray to pois'nous red:
Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
And chastice Rebels, who nought else did misse
To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
A period to his days and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live,

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid*,
who Gods annointed *and his* Church *betraid*.

Mark

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the *Nightingal* chanted her Vesprs,
And the *wild Foreſter* couch't on the *ground*,
Venus invited me in the evening whiſpers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roſes crown'd:
Where ſhe before had ſent
My wiſhes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Egyptian Queen.

Firſt on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feaſted,
Thence fear of ſurfeiting made me retire:
Next on her warm lips, which when I taſted,
My duller ſpirits made active as fire.
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between.
Never *Mark*, &c.

Wanting a Glaſſe to plat her amber treſſes;
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gaydier than *Juno* wears when as ſhe graces
Jove with embraces more ſtately than warm;
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eys humour Chriſtalline;
I in her eys was ſeen,
As if one had been,
Neter, *Mark*, &c.

Myſt'call

cal Grammar of amorous glances,
ng of pu lſes, the Phyſick of Love,
torical courtings, and Muſical dan ces;
umbring of kiſſes Arithmetick prove
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never, &c.

The Authors Mock-ſong to *Mark Anthony*

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto's Mattens*,
And *Cerberus* cryed three *Amens* at a houl;
When night-wandring witches put on their par-tens,
Midnight as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the Furies doom
That the night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pumfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy *Sue*,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her *Goosbery cheeks* I mine eys blaſted;
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than *Dun* in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.

Ne ve

Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy Sus,
As this fowl Gypsie Quean.

Like snakes ingend ing were platted her tresses,
Or like slimy streaks of ropy Ale;
Uglier than *Envy* wears when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with Adders tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did, &c.

Mystical Magick of conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of Pulses the palmestry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinckles,
With three teeth in her head like to three gags,
Rainbows about her eys,
And her nose wether-wise,
From them the Almanack lies,
Frost, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter*.

With hair in Characters, and Lungs in text,
With a splay mouth, and a nose circum-flext,
With a set Ruff of *Musket-bore*, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandiliers,

chausted of their sulphurous contents,
n pulpit fire-works, which this *Bombal* vents!
he *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath
Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth;
The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams confession hanging at his ear, (*were*:
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt,
That when his *ears* are *cropt*, he'l count them gek
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an Ordinance.
If you meet any that do thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they're of the tribe of Adoniram.
VVhat zealous frenzy did the Senat seize,
That rare the *Rochet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc't, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed?
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* & *Lice*.
The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils footsteps in his cloven face.
A face of severall parishes and sorts.
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes a Court.
VVhat mean the Elders else, those Kirk *Dragoons*,
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducatons*?
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Those new *Exchange men* of Religion?
Sure they're the *Antic-heads*, which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and disembogue a spout;
Like them above the *Commons House* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
The same the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This stating Prelacy, the Classick rout,
That spake it often, e're it spake it out;
So by an Abbies scheleton of late
I heard an Eccho *supererogate*
Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,
As if she had the hicp o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans *combine*
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline;
That Pauls *shall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* VVeavers-Hall.
Each at the Ordinance *for to aſſiſt*
with the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing fiſt
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware*
whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſenſe
To heavens gate in ſhape of Innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and deſie
Theſe Demicaſters of *Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting VVooer,
Still ſaying grace, and ne're fall to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt,
Unleſſe your flame confeſſe its gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender,

Y'are

re are Salamanders of a cold desire,
hat live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone,
The widow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and unrelenting ſhe,
As the new cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of ſtatue carry,
A Nun of the *Platonick* Quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty female Elves.
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a Kings hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries enthral each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Parol.

Virtue's no more in woman-kind
But the green-ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophiſtry prevails
Where all-convincing love aſſails;
But the diſputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gameſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The Souldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's ſtrung with wire in ſtead of veins,
In whoſe embraces you'r in chains,

Let

Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraſſeer.
Love ſtorms his lips, and takes the Fortreſſe in,
For all the Briſſled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The breaſt-works of the firmeſt ſex,
Come let's in affections riot,
Th'are ſickly pleaſures keep a Diet;
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with formality;
Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen
With the nice caution of a ſword between.

FUSCARA, OR The Bee Errant

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whoſe ſuckets are moyſt *Alchimie*,
The ſtill of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
Ambitious now to take Exciſe,
Of a more fragrant Paradiſe,
At my *Fuſcara's* ſleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious ſweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter diſtreins
Firſt on the Violets of her Veins,
Whoſe tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiſſe had made it bluer:
Here did he ſit, and eſſence quaff,
Till her coy Pulſe had beat him off.

That

That Pulſe, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of tranſpiri g Balm,
So ſoft, 'tis ayr but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone pipe ſcan'd
The myſtick figures of her hand
He tipples Palmeſtry, and dines
On all her fortune telling lines
He baths in bliſſe, and finds no oddes
Betwixt that Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A proper Hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare
Which hungry Canibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inocculate Carnation.
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From whence he to the Wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
Running diviſion on the tree
Like a thick branching pedegree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th faſhion of a wedding ring.
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl as a *bracelet* 'bout her arm.
Thus when the hoveringPubl can
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,

Tuning

Tuning his draughts with drowsy hums,
As Danes carowse with Kettle-drums,
It was decreed that posy glean'd,
The small familiar should be wean'd
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native sails,
The bold *Columbus* still designs
To her undiscovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with East and Western prize,
Which when he had in vain assaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-presaid
With *Spanish* pike, he broach't a pore,
And so both made and heal'd the sore:
For as in gummy trees there's found
A salve to issue at the wound.
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balsome too.
But oh! what wasp was't that could prove
Ravilliack to my *Queen of Love*?
The King of Bees now's jealous grown
Lest her beam should melt his Throne:
And finding that this tribute slacks,
His Burgesses and state of wax
Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs,
Built rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and sowre,
Marcht with my *Dana's* golden showre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
Stung her, cause sweeter than himself.
Sweetness and she being so ally'd,
The *Bee* committed parricide.

An

AN ELEGIE UPON D^r. CHADERTON

The first Master of Emanuel College in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long-deferred FVNERAL.

PArdon dear (Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-showr of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou lividst so long, we did not know,
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
VVe lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
And ope the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after the hundreth year,
Might now plead custom for to hear:
Upon thy head, that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,

And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou e're young? for truth I hold,
And do beleeve thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'me sure can say
They knew thee young but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, ven'rable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak?
Tell me (dear soul) why didst thou die,
Leaving us to write an Elegy?
We're young? (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
To write thy Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angell did them teach.
Awake them, thenand let them come,
And score thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

D

MA

MARIES SPIKENARD.

SHall I preſume,
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is all ſweet?

NO, I'le make moſt pleaſant Poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*,
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt bowers*,
Whoſe ſweetneſs heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn take a ſmell.
Then i'le fetch from the *Phœnix neſt*
The *richeſt ſpices*, and the *beſt*,
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea coſtly *Spikenard*, in whoſe ſmell
The ſweetneſs of all odours dwell.
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure, as his *Alabaſter skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly fly*
Before *one ſickly minute dye*:
This *Box* I'le break, and on his head
This precious *oyntment* will I ſpread

Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For ſweetneſs with his breath compare:
But ſure the odour of his skin
Smels ſweeter than the ſpice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le waſh them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips ſhall kiſs them dry;
Or for a towell he ſhall have
My hair, ſuch flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy ſacred feet take hold,
And curl themſelves about, as though
They were loath to let thee go,
O chide them not, nor bid away,
For then for grief they'le ſtrait turn gray.

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant, entred your ark, and with him of my moneys 133-0-8. this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing your wisdom might own the monies, though your honesties could hardly allow the act. Which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the receipt, we may happily account a Loan and not a losse, it being in hands responsable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me speak to you as a Judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him, or send him hither, and we shall; if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed: If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants; and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours.

W. E.

The Answer.

Lastly, beloved is it so, that our Brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospell is start aside? then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, nor in the son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his master *Philemon*? Besides, this should teach us to employ our talents, and not to lay them up in a Napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaleers it had been just then the Israelite had spoil'd the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that that---! You see sir what use I make of the Doctrine you sent me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at Wit, you must pardon it to quit scores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the praise of the lost Groat, and the prodigal Son, and in such a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwaies yea, yea, now and then a little Harlotry Rhetorick: you say that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you were so ignorant in Scripture as to let him come single: The text had been better satisfied if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it seems a 133-0-8 sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath else before it had reach'd the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it precise sum, since it is faln away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant; what year of the persecution

of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the shekels, that's the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the sanctuary you speak of. For that which your man has taken his *urbbeck*, one of our chappels of ease, not the mother Church our Garrison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacrilege. Whereas you account the losse but alone, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment as that which you borrowed on the publike Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsey when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate, so what say you to an occasionall meditation? reflect but upon your self how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man: he hath but transcrib'd and copied out the disloyaltie his master and his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants, and more such sums to be deriv'd to their proper channell, from whence 'tis imaginable that was purloyn'd.

I. C.

SIR

Sir,

HAd not indulgent mercy provided for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egge-ſhell, I dare not trace in holy ground; 'tis not falſe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not undertake like a mighty Coloſs (whoſe every motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops, men at a morſell, and then retail it out as the Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Character, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'le allow you the gift in preaching, Pity it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons wholeſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections as might worthily entitle you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well gleb'd vicaridge; beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge is, as might enable you to prophane every leaf of holy writ unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender, I dare not touch: Pity it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious parts, ſhould be miſimploy'd in ſecular affairs, ſuch an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark* as your party hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chauſers* Frier, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected, I

thought you had more than you expected; but however, you expected penitential language, and humble ſtile, The groat I will not meddle with, tis holy coyn, an addreſſe full of complaints: Sir, we (I ke your ſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſſe them; though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that---For that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrell at preciſeneſſe, it was to tel you revenge would have tranſformed it upon your very---How you quarrell at your good, had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and ask't him of his portage before he arrived at your Chapell of eaſe. I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſſe, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of *Newark*: I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had fail'd to ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof puts me upon this adviſe (think nor prophaneneſſe can compact with mud to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not, though a Giant, to reach at ſtars) to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

The

The Answer.

THe Philosopher that never laughed but once, when he saw an Asse mumbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your chops. But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usuall with the Saints at *Grantham*. Look upon your letter as a Spittle Sermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, and sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie, certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expression had not run so muddy: for never was Oracle more ambugious, if possible, to be reconciled to sense. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an Eg-shell, I fear your ovall crown hath scarce capacity to contain: you disclaim being a Colos, content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a *Jack of Lent*, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleaveland* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the Town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; And why cannot you *Cleave the land*? tread but hard, and

your cloven foot will cleave its impreſſion; you talk of Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſs you play *preſto begon*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers-wiſe to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope inſtead of Inkle. But to eccho your compaſſion, and return you an inventory of your good party; is it not pity the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in the Pipkin of Predeſtination, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve and the crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity. Is it not pity ſuch a pious gogle at the Eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, beſide ſeveral lungs which ſtill ſtretch forth ſo far as a ſeventeenthly. Is it not pity theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a Tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſs as that of Hidebery, that theſe ineffable parts that paſs all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance-preſade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this, might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground, and the holy coyn with a ſquemiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground; for then I hope *Hotham's* barn is not as good a congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn

you

you must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers, I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellons, witnesse the Church-revenues, and several sacrileges that cannot be pared off with your nails: but there is another reason why I abstain from the ignomony of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your mony, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have had your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and Sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountains: for your advice not to throw stars at your head, I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goose-shot to be had for mony; my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwaies antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry, that I am not him with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self.

Sir, *your servant*

Jo. Cl.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF A London Diurnall.

A *Diurnal* is a puny Chronicle, ſcarce pen-feather'd with the wings of *Time*. It is an Hiſtory in ſippets, the *Engliſh Iliads* in a nutſhell; the Apocryphal Parliaments book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets. It would tire a *Welſh Pedigree* to reckon how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annall*: for it is of that extract, only of the younger houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The original ſinner in this kind was *Dutch Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans-en-kelders*. The Counteſs of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack, as many children as days in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative* Lady is of that linage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. in the Frontiſpiece of the old *Beldam Diurnal*, like the contents of the chapter, ſits the Houſe of Commons, judging the twelve Tribes of Iſrael. You may call them

the

the *Kingdoms Anatomy* before the *weekly Kalender*: For such is a *Diurnal*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulse of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emperick Divines* of the *Assembly*, those spiritual Dragooners thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Countrey-Carrier, when he buyes it for the Vicar, miscalls it the *Vrinal*: yet properly enough; for it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Devill* and his *Exorcist*; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose Office it is to unravell her *Inchantments*.

It begins ordinarily with an *Ordinance*, which is a law still-born, dropt before quickned by the *Royal-assent*: 'Tis one of the Parliaments *By-blows* (Acts only being legitimate) and hath no more Sire than a *Spanish Gennet*, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the *Mother*, without the concourse of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet law it is, if they *vote it*, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his clock went true, whatever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next ingredient of a *Diurnal is plots, horrible plots*; which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdoms*, and (for all Sir *Walter Erl* looks like a *Man-midwife*) not yet delivered of so much

as

as a cushion. But Actors must have their properties; and, since the Stages were voted down, the only Play-house is at *west minster*.

Suitable to their plots, are their Informers, Skippers & Taylors; Spaniels both for the land and water. Good conscionable intelligence! for however *Pyms* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest vermin have not so much for lying as the publick Faith.

Thus a zealous *Botcher* in *Moorfields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church government, by the help of his *out-lying ears*, and the *Otacoustic on* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a Taylors Goose that preserved the *Capitol*

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-betraytor'd for dealing with the *Lions*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*, It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the *Prerogative*, and changing their prophaner names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemia* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his *brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this scale of *Votes*.

Resolved upon the Question, That this act of the *Corn-cutters* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities* Charter, in the representative forehead of *Isaac*.

Resolved, That the evill counsellors about the Corn

Corn cutter are Popiſhly affected, and enemies to the *State.*

Reſolved, That there be a publick *Thankſgiving* for the great deliverance of *Iſaacs brow-antlers*; and a Solemn covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age fight with the Wind-mills of their own heads, quell monſters of their own creation, make plots and then diſcover them? as who fitter to unkennell the *Fox*, then the *Tarryer*, that is a part of him,

In the third place march their *Adventurers*, the Round-heads *Legend*, the Rebels *Romance*; Stories of a larger ſize then the ears of their *Sect*, able to ſtrangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian.*

Ile preſent them in their order; and firſt as a *Whiffler* before the ſhew, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the firſt, traverſt his ground, made a leg; and *Exit.* The Countrey-people took him for one that by order of the Houſes was to dance a *Morrice* through the *weſt* of *England.* Well, he is a nimble Gentleman; ſet him but upon *Banks* his horſe in a ſaddle rampant, and it is a great queſtion which part of the *Centaur* ſhews better tricks.

There was a vote paſſing to tranſlate him with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread, but it was croſſed by the female Committee, alleging that the valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This cubit & an half of *Commander*, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies 50 miles off, It is ſtrange you will ſay, & yet it is generaly believed, he would as ſoon do it at that diſtance, as nearer hand.

hand. Sure it was his ſword, for which the weapon-ſalve was invented, that ſo wounding and healing like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the ſame removes.

But the ſquib is run to the end of the rope; room for the *prodigie of valour, Madam Atropos* in breeches, *wallers* Knight erranty; and becauſe every *Mountebank* muſt have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haſterig*, to ſet off the ſtory: theſe two *like Bell* and the *Dragon*, are always worſhipped in the ſame chapter; they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other ſcores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* & *Sternhold* murder the Pſalms, with Another to the ſame; one chimes all in, and then the other ſtrikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the leaſe of his body.

Firſt, *Stamford* ſlew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a Bar, and yet it is thought the ſullen corps would ſcarce bleed, were both theſe Man-ſlayers never ſo neer it.

The fame goes of a *Dutch* Headſman, that he would do his office with ſo much eaſe and dexterity, that the head after execution ſhould ſtand ſtill upon the ſhoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, moſt of thoſe whom the *Diurnal* hath ſlain for him, to us poor mortalls ſeem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man without wounding the body, like lightning that melts the ſword, and never findges the ſcabbard.

Thi

This is the *william*, whose Lady is the *Conquero*r. This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he that cuckolds the General in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex* and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scene to *Round-way-down*: There *Haslerig*'s Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and crawled backwards; there poor *Sir william* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament: you may learn the Geneal ogy of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment. The Muster-master uses no other List than the first chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Foreiners, when themselves entertain such an army of *Hebrews*? this *Cromwel* is never so valorous as when he is making Speeches for the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahomets Pidgeon* to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too, by his bloody beak: his nose is able to try a young Eagle whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters. What we wonder at in the rest of them, is natural in him, to kill without bloodshed: for most of his Trophees are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glasse would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he

hath

hath defaced God in his own countenance. If he deal with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument: then down goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest *Cavalier* is no better. O brave *Oliver*, *Times Voyder*, *Sub-fizer* to the *worms*; in whom *Death*, that formerly devour'd our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquesse of *Newcastle*; nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his bill of *Fare*; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the story. Beleeve him as he whistles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of Committee-men, and he doth wonders. But holy men (like the holy Language) must be read backwards. They rifle Colleges to promote learning, and pull down Churches for edification. But sacrilege is entailed upon him. There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeyes: a secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hanged for Church-Robbery who gives himself the benefit of the Clergy?

But for all *Cromwell's* Nose wears the *Dominicall* Letter, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigil* to an *Holyday*. This is the man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangel* giving battell to the *Devil*.

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a several species, so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a

rope

rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an Aſſociation.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſign of a coward to wink and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds: it is not by traduction: If he was begotten a Saint, it was by Equivocal Generation: for the Devill in the Fathers turn'd Monk in the Son: ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners: And would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother Univerſity, and (if this *Scotch* miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame *Optick nerve, Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebell! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet, hath not talkt much of his *Victories*: but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwaies beat the Gyant, that's reſolved. If any thing fall out a miſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more *Puppets* that move by the wyre of a *Diurnall*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of

Mars

Mars his pretty-toes; ſuch ſnivelling cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembles the Beaſt, he would have ods of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a *Thanksgiving Dinner*: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatſt *wonder* is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonal, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra* by the zeal of the *Houſe* he ſate in, as chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo* by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *wondmonger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oke of Reformation*.

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker the liveliest Embleme of it that may be: for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole they made three?

But I have not ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The victories of the Rebels are like the Magical combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a *Triumvirate* of *bladders*. Such, and ſo empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnal*; but ſo many impoſtumated Fancies many bladders of their own blowing.

The

The Character of a *Country*-COMMITTEE-MAN, With the Ear-mark of a SEQUESTRATOR.

A Committe-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed, there is number enough in his name to make ad Epithete for Legion; he is *perſona in concreto* (to borrow the ſoleciſm of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*: It is a well-truſſd title that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Nown of Multitude, he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair-royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man, a compleat notion of the ſame linage with accumulative treaſon: For his office it is the Heptarchy, or *Englands* Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he ring the changes, here is a plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is harmony in diſcord, the triple headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the triple headed

headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant: There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannical Bead Roll by which the Kingdom prays backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every Curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be wayved, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* than a committee. There's leſs execution by a ſingle bullet than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee man is a party-coloured Officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſs and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Juſtice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonicks is in love, keeps a flattering in diſcourſe, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a Pigeon may converſe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governor, and Bandiliers dangling about a furr'd Alderman, have an Anagram reſemblance; there

here is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority perfects, but the more prepostorous the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reins: the Truth is, the Souldier, and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Mares to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country-people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this fated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Arms* is like his *Coat, partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a cantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglabing face, a squeezing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were brooding over a close-stool. Take him thus and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murthered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor.

He

He is the ſpleen of the Body Politick, that ſwells it ſelf to the Conſumption of the whole: At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelf, he lives upon the ſins of the people, and that's a good ſtanding diſh too, he verifies the Axiom *Iſdem Nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundered Country-men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour, certainly it is under the ſame notion as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mol Cut-Purſ* as the predominant in that faculty.

He outdives a Dutch-man, gets a Noble of him that was never worth ſix pence, for the pooreſt eſcape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning even in the drieſt ground; he aliens a Delinquent eſtate with as little remorſe as his other Holyneſs gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of Infallibility. Hee is the Grand Sallad of arbitrary Goverment, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and High-Commiſſion, for thoſe courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him like Dollars changed into ſingle moneys: To ſpeak the truth, he is the univerſal Tribunal: For ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infection all diſeaſes oft turn to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the Parliament to look about them, if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the Principal. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very punctual in exacting your hat, & to ſay right, it is ſu-

lue, but by the ſame title, as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when ſuch Cattel would have hardly been taken upon ſuſpition for men in office, unleſſe the old Proverb were renewed, that beggars make a free Company, and choſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together, look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble for ſome guifts of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are rogues when they go ſingle; and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſicioners. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him the receipt of this grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Shipmoney, next a Primitive Free-holder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of Elving *Adam*. Add to theſe a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe Weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, and with his peremptory Scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene tekel*. Theſe, with a new blu-ſtocking'd Juſtice lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort handed Clerk tackt to the Rear of him, to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the Hogan to the ſincere Junto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious Compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the Hoga Mogan Committee-man. A

A Committee man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter height, a Sequestraror, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grasse grows no more. He is the States Cormoran, one that fishes for the Publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes whithout the Cormorants property, a rope to strangle the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the sign with him is alwaies in the clutches, There is more Monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope some Mountebank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the defference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grist. Neither till now could I verifie the poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death ie self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gospel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiends your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted, with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imbost Committee man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the spunge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before, Or else he

meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut sounded Garrison: For the Hedge Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistakes his commons, and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high, suckling the first, big with the second, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counter point, his mischiefs superfetation, is a certain scale of destruction; for he ruines the father, beggers the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity,

Upon

Upon a Scratch on a Ladies Arm.

HOw came this *streak* of *red* here where pure (white
Without such mixture ever took delight?
Why doth thy Arm thus blush? unless it bee
That all thy parts give signs of Modestie.
I doubt some Pin (conceiving not its Blisse
To touch thy Flesh) hath ta'n too rude a Kisse;
For what would Scratch, intending to disgrace,
An arm of Beautie, but a brazen Face?
For which 't was doom'd to be beheaded, why
Should Natures Prides worst Foe so nobly die?
Let me pronounce the sentence; for I'me bent
(If Judge) to give severer Punishment.
First make it crooked, never to be set,
In row and Order from the Paper Net.
Exild an entire twelvemoneth for to lie
In nastie Dunghills, where the Beggars Eye
Is only fixt, who having rak't and look't
For Rags and Pins shall curse this being crookt.
This year expir'd shall end the Beggars Hate,
Then wandring Tinkers once more knock it strait
To offer as a Present to your Trulls,
Till careless losse this Punishment annuls.
Next may it be impriſon'd all alone,
For Canker worms and Rust to feed upon (Grisly
(Till the ropes Kinsman) that hangs Fears and
Therewith shall pin condemned Handkerchiefs;
This don't shall serve to joyn old tottered *Cloaths*
Set upon Lands to Scare the theeving Crows;
From which releas'd (when other Pins do play
Pusht into Pastime,) Boys throw this away;

La

Last Fil'd to Pinduſt, bee't confin'd to lye
On curſed ſcrowls that bear the Memorie
Of wicked Murderers; Thus let it bee
Tormented ever, that the world may ſee,
When Beautie ſuffers, Fates themſelves Ordain
For ſenſeleſſe things an everlaſting Pain.

Parting with a Friend on the way.

THe horſes at their ſuddain turning, thus
Tranſcribe my ſelf the torn *Hippo ius*;
No Traytor ſuffers a more quarter'd Fate
When doom'd to ſtride from *Lud* to *Biſhops-Gate*
Hither and thither at once: Thus every ſphere
Does by a double Motion interfere:
And when my Native Form enclines mee Eaſt
By my firſt Mover I am raviſh'd Weſt.
Peace fond Philoſopher, thy Problems done,
No Reſt i'th' Point of my Reflection.
My Tropick whirls me to a diſtant ſoyl:
The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoyl.
Death's but a ſeparation, though indor'ſt
With ſpade and Javelin, we are thus Divorſt;
My ſoul hath taken Wings, and now I feel
My Corps returning to its Principle.
But Death's not all; Reluctance tugs the curſe,
With black Deſpair; Ask but the aged nurſe,
She proves ſalvation from a Death thats mil'd,
He went away juſt like a Chriſome Child;
But Love (like *Cacus*) makes me travell ſo,
My Feet ſtill contradict me as I go:

In proof whereof see how this Foundred Rhime,
Hunts Counter, and rebounds into your Clime.
My splay foot Journey is both right and wrong,
Backward is forward in the *Hebrew* toung; (thee,
Then since my soul bends North-wards thus with
Let thine the counterpain goe South with me.

On a Gentlewoman that died in the Night, Snow falling the Next Morning.

OFt shall you see the *heavens* so black, you'd think
Next *shower* it rayn'd 'twould rain a shower of Ink. (wat,
Clouds weep such sable tears, when Plagues or
Famine, or bloody Massacre.
Makes Sextons rich; Or when some *witch* or *Fiend*,
Traytor or Murderer, comes to his End,
When such men die the *Clouds* wear *pitchy weeds*,
And rain a *shower* as black as was their Deeds:
But see how Innocence transforms the skie,
The *Heavens* do mourn in white when *Virgins die*,
And cause the *Guilty* Night stole her away,
The Clouds did Penance in a sheet all Day.

On *Princess Elizabeth* born the night before *New Years Day*.

AStrologers say *Venus* the same starr,
Is both our Hesperus and Lucifer,

The

The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
Shee ſhuts the old year, and begins the new.
Her Brother with a ſtar at noon was born,
She like a ſtar, both of the even, and Morn.
Count ore the ſtars (*Fair Queen*) in Babes, & vie,
With every year a new Epiphanie.

Humane Inconſtancy.

THe Worlds a Tennis Court, man is the Ball,
Toſs'd 'gainſt the Wall,
High ſoaring Thoughts and languiſhing Deſpair,
The Rackets are,
Content the Line, our ſtrayns of one and under
Like balls of Thunder,
Bid all (who build their Hopes on *Towers* of *Air*)
Take heed ſince fall they muſt, their fall be fair.

Laſt Night I looked up to promotions skie,
There did I ſpie
A ſtar whoſe Greatneſſe was with Glory mixt,
But 'twas not fixt,
For when the Pleiades begun to play
It ſhrunk away,
And taught Aſtrologers by this to know,
That Meteors are no Subſtance but a ſhow.

From thence to Church I went thinking to pray,
'Twas Holyday,
But from a farre the High Prieſts Ghoſt did Cry
Oh Come not nigh,

Our

Our Sanctuary is with blood defil'd,
And Truth's exil'd:
Bethel Bethaven is, *Doeg* treads down
The Prieſtly Myter and imperial Crown.

Affrighted with theſe horrid ſhews at laſt,
Mine eys I caſt
Up to great *Charles* his Wayn, when ſoon I find
That *Boreas* Wind
Had blaſted all his Hopes, and made him trie
Th' uncertaintie
Of humane Glory, which with flattring ſmiles
At firſt embraces, but i'th' End begniles.

Tis ſtrange to ſee how ſpiders oft do ſpin
A trifling Gin,
To trap a Gnat; But Man with anxious Care
Contrives a Snare
For his own Foot; And whilſt that wretched He
Strives to be free,
In vain he toyles; For who can ſhun a fall
When Heaven writes *Mene Tekel* on the wall.

Adieu then brainſick Pleaſures, get you gone,
Let me alone,
I'le drink o'th' Brook, and eat o'th' Honycombe,
In Peace at home,
Not ſtriving to be great, but good, for loe
Th' Event doth ſhew,
That outward Gilding cannot ſerve to hide,
The Ruines of a rotten inward Side.

To Julia *to expedite her promiſe.*

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowſon fly
Incumbency?
Panting expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns;
Shey'r *Hymens* Monkeys which he tyes by th'
To play (alas!) but at Rebared Foyns. (loyns
To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the Market fails;
Your Sex lives faſter than the males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The Sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whilſt you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy fortreſs ever ſtand
If't be not man'd?
The Siege ſo gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face.
Pity thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Delivery.
The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
Muſt plead gray hair,
And uſe the Simony of a cough
To help them off;

But when I woo thus old and spent,
I'le wed by Will and testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd,
Are but gay furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
is Legacy;
Not one of all those rav'nous hours
But thee devours.
And though thou still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivory;
Though thou consume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing christall spheares,
I hold thy tears
Pledges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wife)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

To the *Hectors* upon the unfortunate death of *H. Compton*.

YOu *Hectors*! tame professors of the Sword,
Who in the chair state Duels, whose black words
Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight, & do.
Who on your errand our best Spirits send,

Not

Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court-martiall in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but prate our valour, as
You go inſpir'd by th' oracle of the Glaſſe;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own;
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & ſwear and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers which you (teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Meer boo y ſouls! who bids us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies;
Who ſhout & clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Mere providence to hear a *Compton*'s ſlain.
A name they deafly hate, & juſtly; ſhould (blood;
They lov't 'twere worſ, their love would taint the
Blood alwayes true, true as their ſwords and cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandal'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a
And fears a death more ſhameful than he gave.
Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town, what do you think?
(If you be ſober) Is it valour? ſay!
To ove'come, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as ſoon as done.

How

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make,
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away forty pound,
They'l now in their wives stammel petticoats va-
Without any need of an argument draper, (per,
Beholding to none he neither beseeches,
This friend for Ven'son, nor tothet for speeches.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,
Nay some take degrees who never had steeple,
Whose means like degrees comes from places of (people
They come to the fair, & at the first Pluck,
The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.
And so, &c.

The Country Parsons they do not come up
On Tuesday night in their old College to sup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes for to pull;
How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed,
The Homilies urg'd & the school-men confuted.
And so, &c.

The

he Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
o look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
ith like admiration to eat roasted beef,
hich invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
ha, should he but hear our Organs once sound,
ould scarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.
And so, &c.

he Gentleman comes not to shew us his (latin, (satin,
o look with some judgment at him that speaks
o be angry with him that makes not his cloaths
o answer, O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
nd at the next beat baiting (full of his sack)
o tell his Comrades our disciplin's Dack.
And so the Commencement grows new.

e have no Prevaricators wit,
y mairy Sir, when have you had any yet?
sides no serious *Oxford* man comes,
o cry down the use of Jesting and hums.
ur ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true.
um Salter is sober and *Jack Martin* too.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Englands Jubile.

WE sing of *Athens* and another *Greece*,
A second *Cholchos*, & the Golden Fleece;
esperides, Mines, Mines, and reformation,
atnre and Service-book o'th' newest fashion;

Here's joy indeed, for which we triumph now,
Having the Fleece he had that shore his Sow.
A Castle in the Air, a glorious thing,
A Church, a Kingdome, without a Priest or King,
A Sum of Cyphers, an unvalued prize,
A fine new nothing, the fools Paradice.
Those Pipes of froth, Guilt sheets in Lives Hides,
A Blank in folio, and a Blew besides.
A Title Page, an Index, nought that should be,
A something was, nought is, a thing that would be.
Old *Eden* emblem'd by Onyon beds,
A plot of ground all overgrown with heads;
Troy's Sepulchre, *Babel* in Majesty,
Atheniax shops, see what you laek and buy,
New Doctrines piping hot, a new found broom
To clense the house and sweep away the Room;
New Texts, new Proofs, new Applications,
Reasons beyond the Moon, and Illustrations
As pertinent, as't makes no matter what,
Similes, no Tap-lash in the world so flat.
Our Seas have new Fisher-men, new Nets,
Old *England* planted with New-*Englands* Sets.
No more old Liturgies, wee'l none of that,
But a pure Directory of God knows what:
New Size and Sessions, a grave Committee
That nere saw Court or University.
New Justices of Yeomen of the best,
Or of the first head Gentlemen at least;
All things fire new: To emblazen all in brief
In a field Gules, Anarchy, Or in Chief:
Blest be the time that brought this Liberty,
And eas'd us of the yoak of Loyalty;
Indulging all Offences 'gainst the Laws.
In order to advance the holy Cause;

For which & all that's good, which none remem-
Besides *Kimbolton* & the five dear members, (bers,
We thank the Lords and Commons, next the Peers
O'th' Lower house, and next to these the Ears
Of *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Prynn*, and many more,
To give the Devil his due, we thank the Whore
Of *Babylon* so call'd, whose pure fine Smock,
Lawn-sleeves and Surplis the Autichristian frock
Advanc'd the work and furthered our desire,
Ministring Tinder to that holy fire.
We thank the grand and close Committees, and
The Common Councel the Oracles of the land;
We thank Diurnalists, and Pamphlet writers,
New Mynters, Mongers, Coyners and Inditers,
'Mongst and 'bove these as bound, him we thank
Whose throat's as sweet, as any Golgotha: (aye
That sweet hot Adder, deep mouth'd *Cerberus*,
Belphegus, *Belial*'s Heir, *Britannicus*.
We thank Astrologers, *Booker*, *Lilly*.
The forty shilling Free-holders, and the Silly
Petitioners, who throughout all the land
Not knowing how to write, set down their brand;
Nay more than so, we thank both her and him
Who shouted out and cry'd a *Pym* a *Pym*:
We thank *Jac Straw* and valiant *Tyler*'s brand,
Who as occasion serv'd was still at hand
Forcing a passage where it was not made,
Chasing *Astrea* with a naked blade;
And as the opinion of all the summe,
We thank we know not who for what is done:
In memory of whose great worth we have
One Holy-day, and only one, St. *Slave*.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF A Diurnall Maker.

A DIURNAL-MAKER is the Sub-almoner of Hiſtory, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter; one, whom by the ſame figure, that a North-Countrey Pedlar is a Merchant-man, you may ſtile an Author, It is the like over-reach of Language; where every thin under cloaked Quack, a Doctor; when a Clumſy Cobler uſurps the attribute of our Engliſh Peers, and is vamped a tranſlaror, liſt him a Writer and you ſmother *Geoffrey* in ſwabberſlops, the very name of *Dabler* over-ſets him, he is ſwallow'd up in the praiſe like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be ſeen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithite, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant; juſt ſuch another blot rampant. He has not ſtuffings ſufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He defames a good tirle, as well as moſt of our modern Noble men, thoſe Wenns of greatneſſe, the Body politicks moſt peccant humours, bliſtred into Lords. He hath ſo raw-boned a Being, that how ever you render him, he rubs it out, and makes rags of the expreſſion.

The

The silly Country man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him thorow a Perspective, and by that grosse Hyberbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly passe muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve-full of Ballads & godly Beuks. He would not serve for the Breast-plate of a begging Græcian. The most crampt *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets, that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of there writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a rat, which some imagine to be the off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Presse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when those weekly fragments shall pass for History? let the poor mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Pryne* would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans works, like thick skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The

The Cook, who ſerved up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up ſuch an Hiſtorian as this in the bill of fare. He is the firſt tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well-willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphlet, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a Hiſtory, ſtinked before maturity; How ſhould he record the iſſues of time, who himſelf is an abortive? I will not ſay but he may paſſe for an Hiſtorian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of ſize of thoſe knot-graſſe profeſſors; What a pitiful Seminary was there projected, yet ſuitable enough to the preſent Univerſities, thoſe dry Nurſes, which the providence of the age hath ſo fully reformed that they are turned Reformadoes. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: it is a Maxim obſervable in theſe dayes, that the only way to win the game is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Eſquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of *Hiſtory*, and ſome yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a diſeaſe in him, and holds like a quotidian; ſo it is his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling ſickneſſe to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a Chain ſo thin and light that a Flea could trail it, (as if he had worked ſhort-hand, and taught his tools to cypher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack and his ſlight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* ſhould licence Diurnals becauſe he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals is a wardrope of frippery, it is juſt Idea of the Limbo of Infants. How

that could write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnals derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the beds feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into Elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*, whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing else but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more variety. To supply this smallness, they are fain to joyn forces, so they are not singly, but as the custom is, in a croaking Committee; They hang at the Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole bank together; they write in the posture that the *Swedes* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose issue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amisse to take a particular how he is accoutered, and so doe by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the crop sleabitten, give you the marks of the beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the clouts, as if the night-cap should make *affidavit* that the brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully, in her white formalities! sure she hath hard labour; for the throwes have squeezed for it, as you may perceive his buttered boograce, that film of a demicastor, it is so thin and unctuous, that the Sun-beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him;

so

ſo it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade. Whatever it bee, I wiſht it were able to call in his ears; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; thoſe of all Luggs are mo more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the circumciſion, than braſs boſſes for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling neutrality is that poor ſoul that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes? His coller is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *band*, it's the forlorn of his ſhirt crawling out of his neck; indeed it is time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it hath ſerved him an Apprentiſhip, and (as prentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week ſets up for his ſelf in the ſhape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the ſhavings of his hands; for he caſts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the Itch repreſents the broken ſeal. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the ſilver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot hoſe tops. For the reſt of his habit, he is a perfect ſeaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his coarſe compoſition thoſe Poledavies papers.

But I muſt draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my ſubject ſmels before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Hiſtorian* imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one that curles his brow with ſullen gravity, like a Bull-necked Prosbyter, ſince

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like, sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that is troubled with the rickets, and makes peniworths of History. The College-Treasury, that never had in bank above *Harry*-groat, shut up there in a melancholy rude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evidence to shew for his Title, as he for an Historian: so if he needs will be an Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Historian dear. Now a *Scotch*-mans tongue runs high *Fulsomes*, there is a cheat in his Idiome; for the sense ebbes from the bold expression, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *half a pinte*. In sum, a *Diurnal-maker* is the antemark of an Historian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth from a *holde forth*

A Letter to a Friend disswading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans Arms can be open'd wider to receive you on shore, and give you possessiion of this breast, yet I know not whether with the usual complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest issue, being convicti on enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabtant, is now

the

the Hingdoms, *To be a ſtranger at home*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſſe to travel other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Offſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf, you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage only to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay, ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdom, as in a crack'd Looking-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch like ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a foreiner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heaven ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royal train that you were part of. It was the Kingdom wandered: not you that left it. You are fix't, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſenſe, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by

ay of repriſal you took in others. The Domi-
ions you viſit yon carry along with you, and by
victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to
ur underſtanding: not like a number of our
aring Gallants, who return ſo empty and with-
t their errand, as if their travel, like Witches in
e Air, were nothing but the waſtage of a delu-
d phantaſy, perſwading themſelves that they
ncle the Globe, when the Card they ſayl by, is
thing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But
erthinks we are too grave Sir; what if we unbend
while, and preſume to tell you that in all your
rranty, there is no adventure ſo much affects
e, as that of the *Nun*? where I cannot deter-
ine, whether your love it ſelf were more exo-
ck, or the form of accoſting it: For although it
e natural for jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and
very Cuckold within his own precincts to be an
ngineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mi-
reſs fenc'd with a port-cullice, for an amorous
it managed with the caution, which ſuſpicious
ings uſe in an interview. This manner of gree-
ng may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* barriers,
reathing exerciſe rather than a combat, where
e dallying Champions have a rail to part them,
at they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt.
ad your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the
andiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from
r inchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe
oncerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for
ho that blows ſhort in expectation of his love,
nd in that heat of impatience, ſhould be ſever'd
om his hopes by a few envious bars, would not
el himſelf like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on
a Grid-

a Gridiron? But see how customs vary with th
clime; as there are some Regions who salute on
another by putting off their shoos instead of the
hats, so it seems where you have been, there is
different a form of imprisonment: the Priso
is at large and without the grate wishing for a
mittance, & she, at whose sute his soul is arrested
close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure
this grate these *Chrysom*--lovers called *Platonick*
had their first training, those quesie gamesters th
diet themselves with the very notion of mingli
souls, without putting their bodies to farther br
kage than kissing of hands, and twisting of ey
beams. For your part Sir, you are none of the
puling stomacks, you have an apperite for a wh
Cloister. It is but trifling sports for you to p
down the Outlier unless you leap the pale, a
let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorci
the Abbesse used to get quit of the *Incubus*;
had she not checked your hovering temptati
I am confident by this time you had transfor
the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Se*
glio. But in sober sadness why a *Nun*? Sir, h
came you out of the active torrent into that s
tary creek! Princes seldome treat of Matches, b
in forein Dominions, your affections take grea
state as fixing upon another world: had your p
sion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I
looked upon it as the act of your conversion, s
a love might justly have been Christened by
name of Zeal, being setled on a person, on wh
to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. He
it is, there want not some who suspect your R
gion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her
so

n, to that of her profeſſion, you would turn Mo-
aſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with
he warmth of your temper, are rather ſolicitous
or the Church in general, for fear leſt with *Luther*
u ſhould marry a *Nun*, and ſo with him to make
er a Joincture in a new Religion If this be your
or, conſider I pray you how difficult it is to in-
ovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the
orld is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want
gain, even ruſt and rottenneſs are flouriſhed
er with a ſeeming verdure; Not one of all thoſe
eldam Hereſies, that did penance formerly by
he doom of the Antients, but hath caſt her skin
nce theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for
blooming Virgin But I think I may ſpare this
iece of counſel: I dare be your compurgator fo
edling with Religion. That which fir'd you
pirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor
ould you entertain a more aſpiring frenzy, but by
aking love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray
u, how many beads did you drop in wooing?
y what Liturgy did you frame your courtſhip?
aick applications are here ſcandalous, nor will it
vail to ſay you languiſh without her compaſſion:
A ſenſual man is able to vitiate the veſtal flame
ven by his Martyrdom. Other lovers in the jollity
f their trope uſe to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as
eing of opinion, that the native rubrick of their
heeks hath hallowed them; will you run coun-
er to that conſecration, and degrade a Saint by
moral addreſſes? If you have no room in your
Kalender for perſons upon Earth, yet do not pro-
hane a Probationer of Heaven, as if the readieſt
way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our mo-

dern Reformers to bow it into Atheism. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this carnal sacrilege. Catch not at *Herostratus* his fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my phantasie suggested upon his subject, I would mould into number; but I must beg your pardons, it being a request with which to comply were to be your fellow-criminal, and by a conformity of Guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is set apart for the service of my Mistresse; and what is that but even true Religion? The truth is, she is so charily confined to that sole employment, that should I in verse attempt to yield you an accompt how much I honor you, not a whole grove of Laurel would bribe her to a Distick, whereas in transtory prose, were I Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

Sir,

Your Most faithfull.

May

May it pleaſe your Highneſs,

Rulers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is ſaid of the Deity, they have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where. It is in this confidence that I addreſſe to your *Highneſs*, as knowing no place in the Nation is ſo remote as not to ſhare in the ubiquity of your care; no priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from partaking of your influence. My *Lord*, it is my misfortune that after ten years retirement from being ingaged in the difference of the State, having wound my ſelf up in a private reeeſs, and my comportment to the publique being ſo inoffenſive, that in all this time, neither fears, nor jealouſies have ſcrupled at our Action; being about three months ſince at *Norwich*, I was ſtopped with a Guard before the Commiſſioners and ſent priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a high offence to make inquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept cloſe as my perſon) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cauſe of my Commitment is the narrowneſs of my Eſtate, for ſome ſtand committed whoſe Eſtates can Bail them; I only am the priſoner who have no Acres to be my hoſtage. Now if my poverty be criminal (with reverence be it ſpoken, I muſt implead your Highneſs, whoſe victorious Arms have reduc'd me to it) as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it pleaſe my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it; who ever did penance for being raviſhed? Is it not enough that we are ſtript ſo bare, but it muſt be

made in order to a severer Lash? must our ska
be engraven with new wounds? must we first b
made Cripples, then beaten with our ow
Crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, it is its ow
punishment; who suffers for it more, pays t
upon use. I beseech your Highness put som
bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue th
Chase to the other World; Can your thunderb
levelled so low as our groveling Conditions? C
that towering Spirit that hath quarried upo
Kingdomes make a stoop at us who are the rubbi
of those ruines? Methinks I hear your form
Atchievements interceding with you not so ful
your glories with trampling on the prostrate, n
Clog the wheels of your Chariot with so degen
rous a triumph. The most renowned *Hero*
have ever with such tenderness cherished th
Captives, that their Swords did but cut out wo
for their courtesie; Those that fell by the
prowes's sprung up by their favours, as if th
had struck them down only to make them rebou
the higher; I hope your *Highnesse* as you are
Rival of their fame, will be no less of their virtue
the noblest Trophy that you can erect to yo
honour is to raise the afflicted. And since y
have subdued all opposition, it now remains th
you attach your self, and with acts of Mildn
vanquish your victory. It is not long since,
Lord, that you knocked off the Shackles fr
most of our party, and by a grand release
spread your Clemency as large as your territo
Let not now proscriptions interrupt our Jubi
Let not that your lenity be slandered as the A
bush of your further rigour. For the service

his Majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to allege it in my vindication; I cannot conceive that my fidelity to my Prince should taint me in your opinion, I should rather expect it should recommend me to your favour; Had not we been faithfull to our *King*, we could not have given our selves to be so to your *Highness*, you had then trusted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You see my *Lord*, how much I presume upon the greatness of your Spirit, that dare prevent my indictment with so frank a Confession, especially in this which I may so justly deny, that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve him, all that I could do was to bear a part in sufferings, and give my self up to be Crushed his fall; thus my charge is double (my obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the result of that my want of fortune) now whatever reflections I have on the former I am a true pennitent for the later; My Lord, you see my crimes. As to my defence you bear it about you, I shall plead nothing in my justification, but your Highnesse which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, If you graciously please to extend it to your Supplyant in taking me out of this withering Durance, your *Highnesse* will find that mercy will establish you more than power, though all the daies of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of *September*.

Your Highnesse humble and
submissive Petitioner,

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis, tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *An. Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

CHARLES---- ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His Name too dearly; and Idolatrize.
His Name! Our Losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that black Night that usher'd in this Morn.

CARLES our Dread Soveraign! —— hold!
lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe and seduce tame Reason to dispense
VVith those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murtherd! tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land;
Court, City, Country, nay three Kinudoms run
To their last stage, and Set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydraes of stiff-neck'd State!
Strange Body-Politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger than their HEAD.

CHARLES

CHARLES of great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his Own.
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender ſtood,
Dy'd here to re-baptize it in his Bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump ſhall Echo all
The reſt in dreadfull thunder. Such a Fall
Great Chriſtendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas ſtrange,
Earth's Center reel'd nor at this diſmal Change.

The blow ſtruck Britain blind, each well-ſet Limb
By diſlocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though ſhe yet live's, ſhe live's but to con
Three Bleeding bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black, ſad LOYALTY
Bluſhes, and mourns to ſee bright Majeſty
Butcher'd by ſuch Aſſaſinates; nay both
'Gainſt GOD, 'gainſt LAW, ALLEGIANCE, and their OATH.

Farewel ſad Iſle! Farewel! thy fatal Glory
Is Summ'd, Caſt up, and Cancell'd in this Story

AN ELEGIE

Upon the Death of King CHARLES *the First.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred bloud
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious floud
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed
It leaves my *soul* no Anch'tage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Original*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall:
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My reason's cast away in that *Red floud*,
Which neer orr'eflows us all: Those showers past
Made but Land flouds, which did some vallie waste
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land,
VVhich between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies,
At once with two of *Egypts* pordigies;
O're-cast with darkness, and with bloud o're-run
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done
Th' Inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*.
VVhich crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fier without light.
No wonder then if all good eyes look red,
VVashing their Loyal heart from bloud so shed;
To which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.

Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries;
For *beauty* bloudlesse cheeks, and blood-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black, all odours have
Ill scent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much,
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaical impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, he fear'd and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, against his ends:
For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
Out of that body, He would still torment:
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies,
We easily may the world and death despise:
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And so he look't upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left to guard him to his Throne;
In His great name, then may his subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in victory;
If this our losse a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, since his distress
Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse:
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become so great a *King*:
So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:

And thus Gods truth by them hath rendr'd more,
Than ere mens falshood promis'd to restore;
Which, since by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weaknesse and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make the passage quick, ne'r move his heart
Which ev'n expiring was so far from death,
It seem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
Of flesh and bloud; and from the highest line
Of humane virtue, pass'd to be divine:
Nor is't much lesse his virtues to relate,
Than the high glories of his present state;
Since, both then passe all *Acts* but of belief,
Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
Since, upon the Diamonds, no lesse
Diamonds, will serve us to impress,
only wish that for his Elegie,
This our *Josias* had a *Jeremy*.

AN ELEGIE

On { *The best of Men*, / *The meekest of Martyrs*, / CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds, to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Bloud
VVhich

Which th' Earth-late drunk in so profuse a flood,
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, & make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature, shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevelled Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnity?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accust,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurst;
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was
To strew infection on the tainted World, (hurld
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed
Tyrants to think on would not weep but bleed
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
Say sons of tumult, since you thought it good,
Still to keep up the trade, and bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not state
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,
Whilst the same Sexton that interr'd their clay,
In the same Urn their names too might intomb;
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow on Nature, since even all
The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A specious glosse your black designes to shade,
Teach you, that we come near'st Heaven when we

Are

Are ſuppled into Acts of Clemency?
And copy out the Deity agen,
When we diſtill our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Only ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſs fell, he ſeem'd to be
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And torc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We only died, he only liv'd that Day:
So that his tomb is now his Throne become
'T inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdom:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhrowd
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone,
In Heaven might ſhine a conſtellation.

Upon the Death of CHARLES the Firſt.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again:
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blond* and *Wound*

MONTROSE

written with the point of his Sword.

FINIS.